Lew. But now tell me *Warwicke*, what assurance
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie?
War. This shall assure my constant loyaltie,
If that our Queene and this young Prince agree:
Ile ioyne mine eldest Daughter and my ioy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlockes bands.
Quee. With all my heart, that match I like full well,
Loue her Sonne *Edward*, she is faire and young,
And giue thy hand to *VVarwicke* for thy loue.
Lew. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie Souldiers for to go with you.
And you Lord *Burbon*, our high Admirall,
Shall waft them safelie to the English coast,
And chase proud *Edward* from his slumbring traunce,
For mocking marriage with the name of Fraunce.
VVar. I came from *Edward* as Embassadour,
But I returne his swoorne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre shall answare his demaunde.
Had he none else ro make a stale but me?
Then none but I, shall turne his iest to sorrow:
I was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,
And Ile be chiefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pittie *Henries* miserie,
But seeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockerie. *Exit.*

Enter King Edward, the Queene, and Clarence,
Glostier, Montague, Hastings, and
Penbrooke, with soldiers.

Ed. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Glocester*,
What thinke you of our marriage with the Ladie *Gray?*
Cla. My Lord, we thinke as *VVarwicke* and *Lewis*
That are so slacke in iudgment, that theyle take no offence at
this suddaine marriage.
K. Ed. Suppose they do; they are but *Lewis*, and *Warwicke*,
And I am your King: and *VVarwickes*, And will be obaied.
Glo. And shall, because you are our king, but yet such sud-
daine marriages seldome proueth well.

Ed.